

Squatter Sovereign.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING.

STRENGTH FELLOW, KELLEY & LAREY.

"The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States."

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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The Post's Column.

From the Evening Post.

RUNNING OFF THE TRACK.

Scene—A moonlight evening. Place—No matter what. Passengers all snoring. A stagecoach is in a rural road. A driver comes a-jaring. Every one starts back. "Bless me! What's that?"

Weather Signs.

Evening red, and next morning gray. Are certain signs of a beautiful day. When the glow-worm lights her lamp, The air is always damp.

Miscellaneous.

For the Squatter Sovereign.
HUNTING YANKEES.
BY THE OLD ONE.

He led on; but thoughts

Seemed gathering round, which troubled him.

Mon, really know not what good water's worth.

Talk about hunting! GO WAX, H.

W. H. Clear the track, Cor de chasse.

Git out, Paddock. What did you come from, Omega? Hunting! shooting!!

Wa'al—

There is a sort of shooting that sends

an exaltation thrill through every nerve in a

man's body. Come to Kansas, if you

want to enjoy it. Did you ever shoot a

YANKEE? Have you ever been on a pick-

et guard? I don't mean the time things

the regulars have—but such a picket as

fifteen hundred Border Ruffians make,

when all volunteer and only thirty are

chosen.

Wa'al—

Talk about horses. I wish you could

have seen mine; he never had a pedigree,

he had a—was got by a thunder-

bolt out of a streak of lightning, and was't

quarter stock at that.

Wa'al—

Talk about Derringers—pistols, I mean

—I wish I could describe mine to you;

they air English, they am—a sort of con-

junction between a Colt and Al-

len—they never require—I mean if

you'll pull at the trigger, they'll come.

Wa'al—

Could "York's tall son" imagine thirty

real border ruffians leaving camp on a

beautiful, lovely, sweet, luscious, six-

not to digress, I never write the word

nice, but that I fail to forget the tailor's

description of the Falls of Niagara.

Wa'al—

He made a single note,

Gods, what a place to sponge a coat.

Wa'al—

It was a moonlight night.

I wish you could have seen their horses.

They were not the kind of stock the "old

Spirit" used to commemorate—they were

saddle nags, they was—sired by a pine

knout out of a hickory with, and any of

'em could run a mile inside of two min-

utes—well they could.

Wa'al—

We started, we did. Did I tell you we

hadn't no dogs with us? We hadn't—

Stop—hold hard—go slow—wait for the

wagon—let us think. Shade of Jenny

Ross, conjure te. "Three negatives don't

make an affirmative."

Wa'al—

We didn't have no dogs with us, we

hadn't.

But "to return to our sheep meat."

About eight o'clock, (after early candle

lighting), the picket was drawn up before

head-quarters; the orders were given to

the officers in command—and all were

"Fall in, boys, single file," was the

word, and we started.

I was so much engaged in thinking of

the "good-bye" of the last friend I had

met, that I thought of nothing till I had

passed the lines some five or six miles,

et, but a Yankee scouting party sixty

strong, so it was the fairest thing in the

world.

Wa'al—

And—but, however, not to trouble you,

Bob Kelley, with details, the Picket brought

into camp one bottle of Wolfe's Schnapps,

11 empty canteens, twenty-eight Sharp's

rifles, and—one live Yankee!

"Porter's Spirit of the Times" please

copy, and send BILL to this office.

Low-necked dresses.—The low-neck-

ed dresses of the ladies made the theme

of small jokes by certain fellows of the

banter sort, who might be in better busi-

ness in our opinion it is with ladies a privilege

they might be allowed to indulge at their

discretion; the wits who would ridicule

them had better be at home. If they do

not like to see the ladies, look the other

way. There was a great party in Fifth

Avenue just before last Lent, and the la-

dies in matter of dress were extremely

low-minded; so low were some of them

disposed to go that Jones said to Snooks:

"Did you ever see the like?"

"No," says Snooks, "I never did; at

least, not since I was weaned."

This was outrageous, but presently the

rascals met the belle of the evening, a

splendid creature, and Jones exclaimed:

"What a galaxy of beauty!"

"Well, I declare," says Snooks, "you

have the advantage of me; I thought a

galaxy included a constellation of beau-

ties."

On they passed, and soon encountered

a magnificent woman with such frank de-

votion as to leave no room for doubt as to

the quality of her charms.

"There," said Jones, "is the finest wo-

man in the room." "Fact," says Snooks,

"she outstrips all the rest."

HIFALUTIN.—We have written on al-

most every conceivable subject which our

mediocrity ever urged us to aspire to grasp;

but we have never touched on anything

which so nearly approaches to sublimity

as the present. The influence of this

transcendental passion pervades every hu-

man mind, and makes the groveling worm

of the dust as he crawls beneath the azure

rays of the noon-day sun, rise up in a de-

termined effort at magnificence, and grasp

at—the top of the man in the moon.

That's a specimen of typographical hifal-

utin! Every body, though, makes an ef-

fort, at some period in his life, to reach

the grandiloquent, and grasping at the

thunderbolt, hurls it with tremendous fer-

ocity at the dictionary, and shatters it to

pieces,—a streak of lightning is then sent

through English grammar; logic and

rhetoric are doubled and twisted, and used

to the common sense up in a hard knot,

then uncommon sense goes forth, conquer-

ing and conquering. The lawyer talks hif-

alutin to the jury; the doctor talks (in a

very dead language) to the patient; the

top to the soft young lady; the precocious

miss to the brainless youth; in short, this

science has now been adapted to all per-

sonations and to all classes of human be-

OBTAINING SUBSCRIBERS.

A CANVASSING SKETCH.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

In the year '36, we published a semi-

weekly literary journal in the city of De-

troit, and at the commencement of our ca-

reer "out there" we employed a local tra-

veling agent—one John D.—a fellow

of infinite tact in his business, and ordi-

narily one of the merriest, happiest, best na-

tured bipeds we ever met with. John had

a way of procuring subscribers, however,

peculiarly his own; and his success was

proverbial. If he undertook to get a man's

name and subscription money, he got it—

there was no dodging the issue, where he

had resolved upon this thing.

John was a large, powerful man, stand-

ing six feet three, in his stockings—and

he feared nothing, in the performance of

his duty; at times when a resort to the

"tricks of his trade" was necessary, he

was ever "at home," and his mimicry,

smiling countenance, and capital address,

always made him scores of friends, almost

at first sight. But John occasionally en-

countered a tough customer.

"You call that a paper?" exclaimed a

rough, big-fisted fellow, derisively, one

morning in a coffee house where John

was canvassing.

"Well I do," said John quietly.

"O, get out!" responded the bully.

"And you must subscribe, too—come!"

"Not you know on," continued the

other. "It's a humbug!"

"What's a humbug?"

"That paper o' yours."

"Come, now, my fine fellow, that won't

do," added our agent, not a little piqued.

He always stood straight up for the paper.

"That kind o' talk ain't just the thing, my

friend," continued John, for there were

several persons present.

"I say it's a hum," persisted the fellow;

"an' you're another."

As the stranger got off this last remark

he approached the canvasser instantly,

and offered unmistakable demonstrations

of a belligerent character.

John measured his customer a moment

as he advanced, and drawing back he very

coolly knocked the insolent fellow down.

Then grasping the rowdy by the throat—

"Is my paper a humbug?" asked John.

"—Yes—cuss your picture!"

"It is, eh?" continued the agent, bring-

ing the fellow a rap on the side of the

skull, which astounded him immensely.

"It is—is it?" and again he cuffed him

vigorously—and then again and again,

until the bully began to believe he had

commenced operation on the wrong cus-

tom.

"Is my paper a hum?"

"N—no!" shrieked the fellow, at

last.

"What kind of a paper is it?"

"I dun 'no'—"

"Yes you do," said John, raising his

huge mawler over the other's head, in a

threatening manner, and grinning a ghast-

ly smile—yes you do."

"Wall, le' me up," said the victim.

"I'll let you up when you answer me."

"I tell you I dun 'no'."

"I say you do," responded John, and

again he raised that fearful fist and show-

ed his glistering teeth.

"Y—ye—yes!" shouted the suf-

ferer.

"What kind of a paper is it then? Tell

me or I'll smash every bone in your ugly

skin."

"It's a—a—it's a—"

"Quick!"

"It's a good—good—fuss rate one. Now

le' me up!"

"Fot till you subscribe, old fellow."

"I won't!"

"You won't," exclaimed John, looking

daggers at the prostrate hero, while he

grated his teeth like a mad catamount—

and thrashed him violently upon the floor

once more.

"I will!"

"For a year?" asked the agent.

"No."

"What then?"

"Six—six—months."

"That'll be two dollars," said John;

"fork over the tin, there's no trust in this

trade."

"Le' me up, I say."

"Not till you have paid your subscrip-

tion."

"Wal, git off 'er me."

"There," said John—who was natu-

rally very accommodating—and at the

same moment he turned so that his "sub-

scriber" could get his hand into his pocket.

The latter actually drew forth his purse,

counted out two dollars, in silver, and the

agent released him!

John took his address, wrote a receipt,

and then invited his new made friend to

take a drink. The other, nothing loth,

joined him at once, for fear of giving him

further offence.

Then, getting up his specimen papers

and other fixings, our canvasser turned to-

ward his new subscriber, and with a bland

smile of good nature remarked—

"I think you'll like my paper, friend."

"Yes—yes,"